

AloisxReader:Yes, Your Highness

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Summary: After trying to suppress his sexual frustrations, Alois decides to get a new handmaid-reader. Reader's life gets swirled as she takes in a life of sex, demons, and the strangest noble she's ever seen. Warning: Mature content! Don't like, don't read.

## 1. Pressure of Selection

-In the Trancy manor-

"Get out of here, Hanna!" a boy with platinum blonde hair yelled. His sapphire eyes were radiant with anger. He kicked the handmaid in front of him. The boy finally stopped in order for her to leave the room. Her long, silver braid flew out behind her as she ran out the door. The three servants in the hallway sighed as they heard him yell at their mistress.

"I think that he's getting frustrated," the one named Canterbury whispered, his purple hair blending with his brothers.

"What do you mean," asked another one named Thomas, confused. The last one, named Timber, nodded in agreement.

"I think what Canterbury was trying to say is that the master is getting sexually frustrated," Timber said.

"What do you think he's doing to do about it?" asked Thomas.

"We'll just have to wait and see," replied Canterbury. The door burst open, revealing a very beat up Hanna. The trio rushed to their mistress immediately. Meanwhile, in the room, a very distraught boy sighed. He needed another handmaid to relieve himself with. He would never do it with a stupid tart like Hanna.

"Claude," the boy called. A butler dressed in black with golden eyes appeared. Claude pushed his spectacles up a bit.

"Yes, your highness," he said, bowing slightly toward the boy. Claude watched in amusement as the boy ripped his curtains, his plum-colored frock coat waving in the wind. He straightened the boy's black bow out of impulse.

"I need to relieve my frustrations," the boy started. "So, I need a new handmaid. I hate Hanna, so she is out of the question. I'll take one from the villages, if I have to."

"Yes, your highness," Claude replied. "I'll go prepare the carriage." The butler left quickly. The boy smiles evilly, imagining all the fun he could have with this new addition. In the hallway, stunned, were the three servants.

"Well, I didn't expect the master to address the problem so quickly," whispered Thomas.

"Me, neither," said Timber.

-In Reader's village-

"(name)," a voice called out to you. You were milking the cow in the barn when you were interrupted.

"Yes," you answered. 'Please don't tell me another boy came to visit with hopes of being my betrothed,' you thought, sighing mentally. You were known as the flower of the village. Every single boy was infatuated with your looks. Most of the girls were jealous of you and spread rumors about you. Your mother appeared at the door.

"A noble came to our village to choose a new worker. I want you to get that job, so go put on your finest dress and go to the square." Your mother was obsessed with status. You knew she only wanted you to get that job so she could brag to all her friends about it.

"Who is this noble?" you asked, while cleaning up the milk.

"He is the newest heir of the Trancy manor," she replied. "His name is Alvin, or Ali, or something. I've never laid eyes on him before."

'Great,' you thought. 'What if I'm stuck with a dirty, old pervert. Or maybe this noble is some creepy guy who likes to punish everyone.' Your face scrunched up in displeasure, knowing all the disgusting possibilities. You went out of the barn and into your house. You went inside your room and walked to the back of your closet. There, in the back, was a fancy, plum-colored dress. Underneath were your best boots, which matched the outfit. You slipped them on, and put your hair up in a bun, tied with a black ribbon.

"Bye, mother," you called as you walked out the door. She waved at you from the window. As you walked down the street, catcalls and wolf whistles rang out from all sides. 'Disgusting,' you thought, walking faster. When you got to the square, almost all the girls in the village had lined up. You walked to the very back, because you didn't really want to get picked. You hissed yourself a little, a prickle of fear rising up your spine as you heard the girls whisper louder.

'He's here,' you thought. A sliver of curiousness came out of you as you heard the girls gasp. Was it a bad one? A good one? You just had

to know. You poked your head out. What you saw stunned you.

This noble was young. He looked around fifteen, two years older than you. He was very handsome. More like some kind of god. He had eyes that sparkled like the ocean, and hair as white as snow. Next to him was a jet black butler. His eyes were gold, and he wore spectacles. You immediately hid again.

"Claude! All of them are absolutely hideous! I hate this village. It produces no flowers at all," the noble seethed. The girls were all shocked. One started to cry. You were stunned at his manners. Noblemen shouldn't act like this!

'What a snob. I'll never work for that one,' you thought angrily. You were almost bursting steam. Then the butler spotted you.

"It seems this one's been hiding from us, your highness," Claude said. He pointed at you. You froze. This man was extremely sharp. The noble sighed and strolled over. He was wearing a frock coat the same color as your dress, and on his neck was a black bow. When he saw you, his eyes brightened.

"Hello miss! My name is Alois Trancy," he said cheerily, kissing your hand. You were in shock. All you could of right now was how wrong your mother had been about his name. You blushed like crazy. "What is your name?" he asked.

"M-my name's i-is (n-name)," you answered, stuttering.

"I'm very pleased. Your dress matches my outfit," Alois said, flashing you a smile that almost made you pass out. He turned to his butler. "Claude, we've found her," he called to his butler. He turned back to you. "You're going to be my new handmaid."

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Thomas, Canterbury, and Timber were in the front of the house trimming the bushes when the carriage came back. They stopped trimming and stood close together. As the door of the carriage was opened, they saw a beautiful young lady step out of the carriage. Alois seemed to radiate happiness now.

"Look at the master. He can't wait to get his claws on her," Canterbury whispered.

"Yes, indeed. He's got himself a prize catch. I bet he'll train her as his pet soon enough," said Timber.

"We'll just have to wait and see what goes down," said Thomas. The servants immediately crept over to the window of the master's bedroom, waiting for the show to begin.

## 2. New Lesson

Warning: Contains a lot of lemon!

You were absolutely amazed. The manor was very beautiful. A fountain sprouted in the front, and to the side was a butterfly garden. Claude helped you out of the carriage.

"Thank you," you told him. Claude didn't reply, he'd just bowed. Alois was already out and quickly pulled your hand, so that you were both running to the doors.

"(name), you're going to love being my handmaid," he said. "We're going to have so much fun." He threw open the double doors. You walked inside. Everything was adorned with red and gold. It seemed so old people-ish that you almost gagged. Lucky Alois didn't see your horror-stricken face. A maid came out the door.

'Wow, she's pretty,' you thought. She had tanned skin, and pretty, silver hair that was in a braid. You looked closer. '\_She's well-endowed.' Suddenly, Alois yelled so loudly that you almost fainted.

"Get out of here, you damn tart!" he yelled as he strode over. "You're going to scare (name) with your ugly looks." Alois started to beat her and slap her. "Get out now!" You just looked on, horrified by his savageness.

'That's too much,' you thought. 'What's his deal with her? If he hates her so much, just fire her. She didn't seem to do anything wrong.' He finally let her go. At the moment, Claude came in. Alois sighed and walked over to you, linking your arm with his.

"Sorry about that bloody fool. She's too stupid to know any better," he told you, seething. Then his mood changed. "Anyway, I take you on a tour of the manor, (name). I have a little training lesson at the end as well." Alois grinned at you brightly. To Claude, he called, "Leave us alone for a spell, Claude." Claude turned to leave. He turned back to you. "Well, now, let's explore the mansion."

"Yes," you said.

"It's 'yes, your highness'," he corrected. In a split second, he turned to face you and grabbed your chin in his hand. With the other, he grabbed your wrists. "Say it now (name)." His voice was dangerous. Fear filled you. You almost shut down.

"Y-yes, y-your h-highness," you stuttered. When he let you go, you almost sank to your knees. There was a demonic look in his eyes, you could see it. But there was also something else. You couldn't tell what, though.

"Good," Alois said, smiling with approval. "You obey me without a doubt. You better doing anything and everything I tell you to doâ€|or else I'll punish you severely." As warm as his smile was, his eyes were turned icy cold at the last statement. You gulped.

"Yes, your highness," you responded.

"Let's go explore the manor, then," he said cheerily, pulling you along. Meanwhile, a box full of Canterbury, Thomas, and Timber followed the both of you.

"That was a dangerous situation," whispered Canterbury.

"Yeah, she's lucky she didn't get hurt," agreed Thomas.

"They're moving. Come on!" whispered Timber. The box started following once more, determined to see this maid to the end of her stay at the Tracy manor. It won't be long before sheâ€|was dismissed, they were sure. But their predictions were going to be proven wrongâ€|by you.

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"And finally, my bedroom!" said Alois, bursting into a room. The young noble had taken you everywhere in the house, except this room. It was the last part of your tourâ€|except for the \_lesson.\_ That was the scariest part of all. He bounced on his bed. "Come and sit next to me, (name)." You came over immediately. While you and your master sat facing the window, a certain box crept in quietly and settled in the corner of the room.

'The view is really nice,' you thought. You looked out and saw the birds singing and butterflies eat nectar. For the first time that day, you smiled, not conscious of what you did. Alois noticed and started to notice how pretty you were, from your silky, soft (h/c) hair to your slender legs. Of course, this did not help his frustrations-it only made it worse. At that point, he pushed you roughly onto the bed, so that he was on top of you. You blushed and blushed and blushed. You felt as if your face was on fire.

"Now, for your lesson," smirked Alois, his face radiating lust. He leaned in closer, so that you felt his snow hair on your cheek. "You are mine to take-and mine alone, understand?" Then he kissed you, his tongue invading your mouth. You fought back a little fighting for dominancy, but gave up. You usually didn't give up. You were a fighter. Why did you give up so easily now? Then you realized it.

'Iâ€|I'm in love,' you realized. Suddenly, Alois slipped his tongue out of your mouth and pulled you up.

"Strip, (name)," he commanded you. Half out of fear and half by your own will, you undressed. Soon you stood in the room naked. He smiled. "What a pretty body you have there, (name). Too bad I'll be the only one to see it. Come here." You walked over to the bed. You quickly covered yourself, a little nervous because he was beginning to stare. "Don't ever cover yourself from me," Alois said. You were amazed at his gentle manner. Then he pushed you down and rubbed the mounds on your chest, biting and sucking. Red marks were left on your body, which was proof that you were his. You moaned and started to reach for his shirt. Before your fingers could get there, he grabbed both wrists and lifted your chin.

'Oh, no,' you thought, frightened that you would get beaten like that maid.

"That was very naughty, (name)," Alois smirked. "I think I'll have to punish you, now." He stripped his clothes off quickly, revealing a very large length. How were you going to fit it in? You gulped for the second time that day. "Now for the punishment, (name)." He pulled you over so you were face to face with 'it'. "Now, eat," he said thrusting his member into your mouth. You sucked on it, swirling your tongue at the slit at the tip. Alois moaned and pulled out of your mouth. Then he flipped you on your back, revealing your package. He slowly pushed himself inside you. You hissed in pain a little, and he

stopped, a hint of concern on his face. After ten seconds, you adjusted and rolled your hips as a signal, achieving a groan of pleasure from him. But he wasn't about to let you take control. He thrusted into you again and again. You had never felt this kind of pleasure in your life. He started to hit your sweet spot, earning moans from you. After about ten minutes, you both reached your climax, wetting the bed. Both of you were happy being with each other, but it was unspoken.

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After they were sure that the coast was clear, Thomas, Canterbury, and Timber came out of the box and slipped quietly out of the room. They passed two sleeping figures curled around each other on the bed. They were amazed at the master's gentleness with you. They thought that for sure you would be dead at the end of it all, begging him to stop.

"That was somethingâ€|we shouldn't have seen," Canterbury whispered in the hall.

"He'll definitely kill us if he finds out," worried Timber. Thomas patted his back.

"There, there Timber, he won't know," comforted Thomas. "I think are lives are going to get a whole lot more interesting with her around." And the trio walked off. Meanwhile, a little later, Claude went to the room. He abruptly stopped outside the door, sniffing the air. He quickly backed away.

"Something unholy just went down in there," he said quietly, leaving.

### 3. Battle of Rivals

"Mmmmm," you groaned, stretching your arms. You were just about to call for your mother when you felt something curled around your stomach.

'What is this-,' you thought before realizing it was Alois and that you were a maid working in the Trancy manor. Your nude body felt sticky and wet, which was gross. You needed to take a bath. A small happy hum came from Alois' lips. He looked so cute when he was sleeping. Suddenly an 'ahem' interrupted your thoughts. You looked up to see Claude staring down at you. You started to blush and pulled the blanket over your mounds.

"H-hello, Claude," you greeted nervously. He just nodded. Beside you, Alois stirred and awoke, yawning. He sleepily blinked his eyes open, stunning you with his morning sexiness, which almost made you have a nosebleed. Then he looked at Claude.

"Claude, what are you doing here?" he asked, removing his arms.

"I'm here to dress you, your highness, but it seems that rather you need a bath," Claude replied. You were amazed by how unnerved he was to find a naked girl and his undressed master in a bed at morning.

"Yes, go prepare the bath. I also want (name) to bathe with me, so leave us alone. And go get my clothes ready with (name)'s. Find her a dress that will match my outfit." Claude bowed and stalked off. Then Alois turned toward you. "I like you (name). Stay here, I command you."

"Yes, your highness," you replied like a robot. He pulled you closer to him, resting his chin on your head.

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"Come here," Alois called to you, as if you really were a pet. You obediently followed his voice to the grand and glorious bathroom. He was already in the tub, waiting for you. "Take off your clothes and come in the water." You stripped and waddled into the water. You sat across from him, pulling your knees in front of you.

"Sit on my lap," he commanded, and you sat on his lap, feeling his arms wrap around your waist. "How do you feel about me?" You gazed at him, surprised. He didn't seem like the kind of person to ask you that.

"Well, your highness, Iâ€|love you," you confessed. You saw Alois' eyes widen in surprise. He pulled you closer, his eyes shadowed by his hair.

"Then don't ever leave me," he whispered, burying his head in your neck.

"Yes," you said, smiling. He really cared for you after all. Then he looked up at you and smiled.

"What do you want to do today?" he questioned. A playful glint came into his eyes, scaring you because you thought Alois had drank something weird. He wasn't acting like himself.

"I have no right to tell you what to do. I am just your maid," you replied, turning away. He softly pulled your head his way.

"Tell me. I don't consider you a maid. I consider you a lover." You blushed, and in the moment, kissed him on the cheek. You decided that maybe his love was genuine, after all. He stared at you, surprised.

"I want to go dress shopping and to the lake," you answered boldly, cringing inside at what you realized you just did. But he didn't get mad. In fact, he smiled at you. Then there was a knock at the door.

"Yes?" Alois called. "Stupid fool. I'm trying to get some peace and you just ruin everything!" His eyes turned deadly dangerous. You flinched in fear. Now that was more like it.

"I have come to inform you, master, that your clothes are ready, as well as (name)'s," Claude answered from behind the door. Suddenly, you were lifted up in the air and being carried bridal style by Alois. Your eyes met and you smiled, happy that you had found genuine love, and not infatuation. You both got dressed, and when he saw you come out, he clapped his hands with satisfaction. You were wearing a white dress with white boots and a pretty white veil.

"You look as beautiful as a swan, (name)," Alois told you kissing your hand. You blushed and giggled. You looked at him. He was absolutely handsome in his white frock and pants. His outfit was exactly like Druitt.

"You look very dashing, yourself," you complimented back. He smiled at you in pleasure. You both linked arms and walked out to carriage. You were just about to leave when another carriage arrived in front of the manor. Alois, who was sitting next to you, also noticed this and scowled. You could hear him cursing under his breath. You both got out of the carriage to meet this mystery guest. A boy came out of the carriage. He was a noble, like Alois, and was about your age. He wore a navy blue frock and decent shorts, accompanied by black boots and a bow. A butler also came out, as jet black as Claude. His eyes were red and he was handsome, for a man, but you had no interest in him as you belonged to Alois.

"Trancy," the boy said, a hint of disgust on the tip of his tongue. The butler said nothing. Then they noticed you, weirdly clutching Alois' arm.

"Phantomhive, you are the most annoying thing I have ever seen. You are going to pay for interrupting my plans," Alois hissed, eyes narrowed almost to slits. The boy just smirked.

"I'm Ciel Phantomhive, by the way," he said, talking you. Then he turned back to the problem at hand. "I want answers from you, Trancy." His smirk vanished.

'Are all nobles like this?' you wondered. 'Do they always have mood swings?' Then you noticed that the butler was studying you intently, which sent a shiver up your spine.

"Oh, so you didn't just come to piss with me?" asked Alois, sneering. Ciel growled. "Ha, you act just like an animal." Alois laughed.

"I challenge you to a duel, Trancy. If I win, then you give me the answers I want," Ciel offered, gritting his teeth. Alois just pretended to be occupied with something else.

At last, he said, "Very well, then. But the match will be chess."

"Agreed," Ciel answered. Alois led them into the manor, with you still by his side. Then you let go, afraid that it was bothering him. Suddenly, Alois decided to make conversation.

"Oh, Phantomhive, have you met (name)?" he asked, still walking to the game room. The butler and Ciel looked at you in acknowledgement. "I have a fiancÃ©e, too." You stiffened a little, because then was something he had never mentioned with you. You wondered if Claude heard this. He was lurking in the shadows, watching the new visitors. You all arrived at the game room and sat in chairs opposite of each other. Without a word, the game began. Alois seemed like he focused on killing off the pawns, while it was obvious that Ciel was focused on getting to the king. Just as it seemed that Ciel was the victor, Alois yelled, "Checkmate!" Ciel's king was cornered.

"Curse it," muttered Ciel. It was over. Then there was a silent

exchange of whispers between him and that butler of his. "Well, I'll be taking my leave, then," he said, standing up. You thought it was weird that Ciel didn't make more of a fuss. He'd seemed bent on getting those answers. It was already evening, just before dinner. As he stood at the door, he turned around, locking eyes with Alois. "I'll be back, and I'll get those answers from you, Trancy." Alois just laughed.

"You couldn't even beat me at chess, Phantomhive! If you ever do get those answers from me, then I'll kiss your ass." Alois sneered cockily. Ciel's scowl darkened, and it looked like he was about to order that butler of his to kill Alois, but he didn't. After the noble had left, Alois turned to you, his face filled with annoyance. "Who does that stupid tart think he is?! Ruining our day. Forgive me, (name). We'll go tomorrow, I promise."

"It's okay," you responded. "I'm going to go change, now." He kissed you and you went off to leave. As you flopped down on your bed, you collected the day's events inside your mind. Then you heard the sound of fabric rustling. You sat up and saw that Ciel's butler was standing in front of your door.

"Forgive me, Miss (name), but I must take you with me," he said, a curt smile on his lips. "I really do apologize." In a flash, he appeared at your bedside. Then everything went black.

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Alois sighed, unhappy that he had disappointed you. Your face had been so happy when he told you that he would take you to the lake. He hated that stupid Ciel. As he reached your room to check on you, he noticed that your door was opened. He stepped inside, surprised to not see you here. Then he noticed a note on your bed. He picked it up and read it. And as he read it, Alois radiated with anger.

End  
file.